

Troublesome Days in Arizona

By JOHN A. SPRING.

In the Spring of 1883 Chatto, a sub chief of the Chiricahua Indians, left the reservation with a band of his followers and went up the Gila River by way of Clifton, killing seven men in the vicinity of that town and five more in the Mayflower mining district, farther east. This latter outrage was committed March 26. On the following day, about 10 o'clock a. m., Judge McComas, his wife and little son, Charlie, were murdered by this band while traveling in a vehicle to Shakespere, where the Judge intended to leave his family while he went to Las Cruces, N. M., to attend the United States Court. They had just left Thompson's Canyon behind them, which was the pass leading out of the Burro Mountains, and emerged upon the open plain. Growing by the roadside were walnut trees and hackberry and other bushes. It was behind a cluster of these, about 25 feet from the road, on the right side as the Judge was traveling, that Chatto and 29 Indians lay in wait.

When the Judge and family were nearly opposite them the Indians fired and shot down the off-wheeler of the team and wounded the Judge. He ran about 60 yards before he fell. The red devils then gave a wild whoop and a rush, and Mrs. McComas and her son were made captives. Then there followed a horrible scene the details of which my pen must not describe. It was fully related afterward by the perpetrators, whom Gen. Crook refused to deliver to the civil authorities. The person of the unfortunate lady was violated in the most brutal manner; her clothes were dragged from her body, which was torn and scratched most horribly. When her life was almost tortured out, they beat the back of her head until her brains oozed out; then they broke off branches of the elder bushes and thrust them deep into her body.

The Judge's body was riddled with bullets, and not a stitch of clothing was left upon it. Little Charlie was never heard of afterward.

ACCOUNTANT AND INSTRUCTOR.

After my return to town with Mr. Charouneau I had taken up the occupation of book-keeper, keeping the accounts of a wholesale liquor store, a grocery store and a fruit store respectively, giving at the same time many private lessons in book-keeping to young clerks, Spanish lessons to Americans, being also frequently called upon to render services as interpreter and to translate documents for parties in litigation.

In the Summer of 1883 and during a short period in 1884 and 1885 I revisited Hermosillo, and in the latter year the city of Guadalajara, in order to take copies of documents and to see the cities, the attorneys of Tucson saw the time approaching when the United States would appoint a Land Court, which would finally settle the validity or invalidity of certain Spanish and Mexican land grants or charters embracing immense tracts in what afterward became United States territory.

The lawyers representing American claimants of grants which had been purchased by them engaged me to go to the Capital of Sonora and to copy the documents as they thought necessary in their respective cases, and to have my copies certified to by the Secretary of the State. The documents I went to copy were generally kept in a stone safe thickly cemented and safely shut in by a heavy iron door fastened by three enormous padlocks attached to strong iron bars.

MEXICAN MURDER TRIAL.

In Hermosillo I looked up Mr. Jose Serrano, a cousin of my mother-in-law. As he had information of the whereabouts of the gentleman of good education and courteous manners, a Judge in the Superior Court which consisted of three members. This court, which held sessions of three months in the height of Summer, was in session daily from 9 a. m. to 12 m.

Upon the invitation of my distant but friendly relative, I went to the court in session, and witnessed the trial of a half-breed who had stabbed his wife so severely that she died of her wounds after a month's suffering, very early in the morning, on the 10th of June. There was one occupying an hour. Jury there was none. It would be a foolish institution in a country where eight of whose population consist of Indians. The District Attorney (Procurador del Estado) made a plain statement of facts and introduced his witnesses. The attorney appointed for the defense by the court then made his statement and introduced two witnesses, who testified to "great provocation" for the fatal act. No cross-examination of witnesses by either attorney was ever held. The Presiding Judge asked such questions of the witnesses on both sides as he thought necessary to further elucidate the case, and then gave each attorney 10 minutes for his final statement, the prosecution leading.

It was evident to me from the Presiding Judge's conduct that the trial was a very simple matter. The sound of the intelligent interrogatory of the witnesses that he was well learned in the law and a very sensible man. As soon as the defense had closed the final argument, the Chief Justice opened the statutes, laid his forefinger upon a paragraph, and showed the place to his two associates. They both nodded their heads in sign of assent. The prisoner was ordered to stand up and receive sentence. This latter read: "Ten years State's prison."

LIVING PRISON WALL.

When the court adjourned Mr. Serrano invited me to dine with him at his home. During the meal, very conversation it occurred to me to ask where the State prison was located.

"Well," began my host, "it is really a very peculiar institution; one, the like of which you will see nowhere else."

"What are its peculiar features?" I asked, "and where does it stand?"

"It does not often stand long on one place; it moves about quite frequently," said the Judge.

"Who moves it, and what for?" I asked again, forgetting my grammar in my astonishment.

"It moves itself; it walks! See here, my boy; to-day is Friday. On the day after to-morrow be here at 9 o'clock a. m. sharp, and you will see our divine institution walk by this house; I will therefore say no more now."

Of course I was promptly on hand, and the matter was explained. The sound of a drum, rapidly approaching, brought us to a stand, in front of which passing through the middle of the street, there marched about 50 unarmed men all clothed alike in cheap cotton garments rather soiled. Each carried under his arms a bundle of clean clothing. One thing quite noticeable about them was their very short hair (an almost unknown feature in that country), upon which stood a shako as white as snow, carrying in front a large brass number 6, giving to many of them, especially the underused ones, a strong resemblance to an oversized monkey, for nearly all of them were very dark-skinned. On either side of this contingent there walked upon the sidewalk two commissioned and about 10 non-commissioned officers of the Regular Mexican army. Each one of them carried a revolver

over on the full cock in his right hand which hung by his side; six Regulars with loaded rifles walked at the head and six at the rear of the procession.

As soon as they had passed our door the Judge said: "This is our State prison going to the river to take a bath." Then he gave me the further explanation that, not having a State's prison as yet, the sentence of a criminal sending him for a number of years to said establishment was actually executed in these words, but really meant that he was to be enrolled in 6th Battalion of State troops, in which battalion the discipline was as rigorous as in any prison. Here the delinquent had to perform for the period of his sentence

my horse to a tree distant from the scene of action, and was thus enabled to find a place in the front rank around the dummy, which was set up as before. After a short consultation between the leaders of the procession, which consisted entirely of poor, ignorant and illiterate field laborers, it was resolved that the figure should be hanged by the neck to an overhanging branch of the tree and stripped of all its finery, lace and ornamental trinkets. This was done, and the culprit saint was left hanging. No rain appearing yet, another procession started on the succeeding day. They took the despoiled saint from the tree and taking hold of the rope around his neck, dragged him to a muddy irrigating ditch, threw him into it and dragged him thus for about a hundred yards, while the lowest of the rabble apostrophized him with epithets I will abstain from repeating. Then they brought him back to the tree and fastened him anew to the branch where he looked very forlorn indeed, being now but a mass of mud and frazzled shreds. During all these performances I thought at times that I must be dreaming; I almost had to pinch myself to make sure that I was really awake and living in the year of our Lord 1884 and not in the middle ages. On the 2d of August the rain came; torrents of rain. The river

filled its bed, the irrigating ditches resumed their functions, the trees, bushes, orchards, gardens and fields revived and San Ysidro was cut down from the tree, reinterred in his old place in the chapel and once more dressed up in fine linen and adorned with tinsel.

(To be concluded.)

DID THE FORTS GET MIXED?

Comrade Doughty thinks that Gregg and Whitworth were mixed up.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I have always noticed that comrades who write about the capture of Fort Gregg seem to overlook Fort Whitworth. The Western comrades claim too much for the Western troops in that relation; they all seem to forget Whitworth, which was taken at the same time that Gregg was. The former was taken by the Western troops, but Gregg was taken by the Third Brigade, First Division, Twentieth Corps. The brigade commander, General Sayers, was killed. The 10th Conn. skirmishers deployed in front of Gregg, and two companies of the 11th Me. captured Fort Whitworth. The defenders of these forts fought bravely and stubbornly. Only a narrow passageway led into Fort Gregg, and that was swept by shot and shell in front. In front of some of the assailants struggled seeking to gain foothold, and chances were desperately against them.

Lieut. Paine, of the 11th Me., took his company of volunteers, armed with seven-shot repeating Spencer, and dashed through the narrow passage, and while the rebels tried to beat these brave fellows off, the brigade commander, General Sayers, and his defenders surrendered. So much for Fort Gregg. Previous to this, the West Virginia troops, led by the skirmishers of the 11th Me., captured Fort Whitworth by a charge, which was on the left, Gregg being on the left of our line.

Certainly the West Virginia troops did not take any part in the charge on Gregg, being engaged at Whitworth. This I know from my personal observation made on the ground at the time.

The forts were taken early in the morning, not as has been written in the evening. Why all the comrades who have written about this fight are silent as to the fact that there were two forts, I do not know. It is a pity that some of the comrades who were on the ground at the time were so silent.

German Africa.

Germany is not having the success that she hoped for in growing raw material in the West Indies. The first thing was a failure in her attempt to cultivate the cacao tree. Then came failures with coffee and tobacco, and next ginger. She is now turning her attention to raising sisal hemp, rubber, cotton, gutta percha, nutmeg, vanilla, pepper, cloves and palm oil.

A New Canadian Canal.

While New York is in a political ferment over the enlargement of the Erie Canal, Canada is planning to build a canal of her own, extending from Lake Huron to Lake Ontario, and which will be one of the greatest in the world. It will take a system of lakes and rivers, and shorten the line 250 miles. At one point it is 600 feet above Lake Ontario and immense locks of water-tight steel boxes are being built to make the connections.

Don't Wait Until It's Too Late.

Do you know what it means to cure constipation? It means to turn aside and throw out as waste matter all the wastes and miseries caused by a clogged up system, and they are many. Constipation means that the bowels are weak, so that they do not keep up their action with each other, but stop passages cease, the blood begins to absorb the poisons through the walls of the intestines, and thus disease is introduced everywhere. Death often lays its foundation in this way. Torturing diseases like dyspepsia, indigestion, kidney troubles, liver complaints, heart disease, leucorrhoea and a hundred and one other complaints start that way. A cure must come through toning up, strengthening and invigorating the system, and this can be done by the use of a full list of ingredients and ex-laxant, and this is the only way to cure. It is a tonic laxative of the highest class. It builds up the bowels, restores the lost action and adds new strength and vigor. Only one bottle does a day will positively cure constipation of any degree, by removing the cause of the trouble. Try it. A free sample bottle for the asking. Write to the proprietor, Dr. J. C. Remedy Co., 146 Seneca Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

All leading druggists have it for sale.

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LEAVING THE GOLDEN GATE.

Journeying Through the Great Sacramento Valley—Another Type of an Enthusiastic Californian—Home-Makers Wanted.

Editorial correspondence.

We leave San Francisco on our return trip by the way of the Southern Pacific, which runs up the valley of the Sacramento. This phrase "Runs up the river," reminds me of a very old story. The somewhat eccentric Amos Kendall, whose fame once filled this country, was Postmaster-General under President Jackson, and desiring to know something about the geography of Alabama, wrote to the Postmaster of a little town.

"Dear Sir: This Department desires to know how far the Tombigbee River runs up above your place."

To which the free-thinking, independent American citizen who handled the mails replied: "The Department is respectfully informed that the Tombigbee River does not run up at all. It runs down."

And Amos Kendall sent by return mail: "Sir: Your reply is so wanting in respect to this Department that you are hereby dismissed from your office, and you will turn over its effects to your successor."

The independent Postmaster replied: "Hon. Amos Kendall, Postmaster-General. Sir: Yours received and noted. As the revenue of the office for the past year was \$9,850, while the actual expenditures were \$15,800, you can, as soon as you remit the balance due me, take your old office and go home with it."

The reply so amused Amos Kendall that he determined to retain so intelligent and valuable a servant in the public employ.

HOME OF THE "BENICIA BOY."

Across the Carquinez Strait is Benicia, one of the earlier capitals of California, probably the best English, for the English is the home of John C. Heenan, once a leading aspirant for the pugilistic championship, and whose fight with John Morrissey was cut down from the program from New York, for the championship of the United States became a political issue, while that with Tom Sayers, the English champion, was a matter of national interest. In the latter case, the championship differed from those of today in fighting a great deal and talking very little. There was a great deal of fighting in the case of the English champion, and the prize ring had not suffered the degradation it has in later years at the hands of professional thugs, toughs, gamblers, and other "dread fellows of the baser sort." It was quite the gentlemanly thing to take interest in prize fighting, and our readers should know that Heenan was a native-born American, and into his hands the English champion fell. He knew nothing feeling, because his opponent, John Morrissey, was an Irishman and a representative of the element out of which grew the present Tammany.

Morrissey was a very fine fellow, in the opinion of the English champion, and the fight which finally overthrew the domination of the Americans in New York City and substituted that of the English champion, was a very fine thing. Heenan was a native-born American, and into his hands the English champion fell. He knew nothing feeling, because his opponent, John Morrissey, was an Irishman and a representative of the element out of which grew the present Tammany.

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Journeying Through the Great Sacramento Valley—Another Type of an Enthusiastic Californian—Home-Makers Wanted.

Editorial correspondence.

We leave San Francisco on our return trip by the way of the Southern Pacific, which runs up the valley of the Sacramento. This phrase "Runs up the river," reminds me of a very old story. The somewhat eccentric Amos Kendall, whose fame once filled this country, was Postmaster-General under President Jackson, and desiring to know something about the geography of Alabama, wrote to the Postmaster of a little town.

"Dear Sir: This Department desires to know how far the Tombigbee River runs up above your place."

To which the free-thinking, independent American citizen who handled the mails replied: "The Department is respectfully informed that the Tombigbee River does not run up at all. It runs down."

And Amos Kendall sent by return mail: "Sir: Your reply is so wanting in respect to this Department that you are hereby dismissed from your office, and you will turn over its effects to your successor."

The independent Postmaster replied: "Hon. Amos Kendall, Postmaster-General. Sir: Yours received and noted. As the revenue of the office for the past year was \$9,850, while the actual expenditures were \$15,800, you can, as soon as you remit the balance due me, take your old office and go home with it."